## The Doctor's Pilemma

By Hesba Stretton

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CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) A little crumbling path led round the rock and along the edge of the ravine. I chose it because from it I could see great anxiety. My father looked cha all the fantastic shore, bending in a semi-circle towards the isle of Breckhou, with tiny, untrodden bays, covered at this with only glittering ripples, and with all the soft and tender shadows of the head-lands falling across them.

I was just giving my last look to them when the loose stones on the crumbling path gave way under my tread, and be-fore I could recover my foothold I found myself slipping down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, and vainly clutching at every bramble and tuft of grass growing in its clefts.

I landed with a shock far below, and for some time lay insensible. As nearly as I could make out, it would be high water in about two hours. Tardif had set off at low water, but before starting beach of our little bay. If he did that he must pass close by me. It was Sat-urday morning, and he was in the habit of returning early on Saturdays, that he might prepare for the services of the

At last-whether years or hours only had gone by, I could not then have told you—I heard the regular and careful beat of oars upon the water, and presently the grating of a boat's keel upon the shin-I could not turn round or raise my head, but I was sure it was Tardif.

"Tardif!" I cried, attempting to shout, but my voice sounded very weak in my own ears, and the other sounds about me seemed very loud.

He paused then, and stood quite still, listening. I ran the fingers of my right hand through the loose pebbles about me, and his ear caught the slight noise. In a moment I heard his strong feet coming across them towards me.

"Mam'zelle," he exclaimed, "what has happened you?"
I tried to smile as his honest, brown face bent over me, full of alarm. It was so great a relief to see a face like

his after that long, weary agony.
"I've fallen down the cliff," I said feebly, "and I am hurt." The strong man shook, and his hand

trembled as he stooped down and laid it under my head to lift it up a little. His agitation touched me to the heart.
"Tardif," I whispered, "it is not very much, and I might have been killed. I think my foot is hurt, and I am quite sure my arm is broken."

He lifted me in his arms as easily and

tenderly as a mother lifts up her child,

and carried me gently up the steep slope which led homewards. It seemed a long time before we reached the farmyard gate, and he shouted, with a tremendous voice, to his mother to come and open it. Never, never shall I forget that night. I could not sleep; but I suppose my mind wandered a little. Hundreds of times I felt myself down on the shore, lying helpfarm, and he was still alive, and with no thought but how to make everything bright and gladsome for me; and hundreds of times I saw the woman who was afterwards to be my stepmother stealing up to the door and trying to get in to him and me.

Twice Tardif brought me a cup of tea, freshly made. I was very glad when the first gleam of daylight shone into my room. It seemed to bring clearness to

"Mam'zelle," said Tardif, coming my side, "I am going to fetch a doctor."
"But it is Sunday," I answered faintly. I knew that no boatman put out to sea willingly on a Sunday from Sark: and the last fatal accident, being on a Sunday, had deepened their reluctance,

"It will be right, mam'zelle," he an-"Do not be long away, Tardif," I said,

help," he replied.

CHAPTER III.

I, Martin Dobree, come into the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practice, which he story to tell my remarkable share in its events. Martin, or Doctor Martin, I was called throughout Guernsey. My father was Dr. Dobree. He belonged to one of the oldest families in the island, but our branch of it had been growing poorer instead of richer during the last three or four generations. We had been gravitating steadily downwards.

My father lived ostensibly by his pro fession, but actually upon the income of my cousin, Julia Dobree, who had been his ward from her childhood. The house dwelt in, a pleasant one in the and I shared between us, was not a large one, though for its extent it was lucrative snough. But there always is an immense number of medical m Guernsey in proportion to its population, and the island is healthy. There was small chance for any of us to make a

easily and naturally that I was perfect- my brain. Who was this beautiful crealy contented with it. We had been engaged since Christmas, and were to be married in the early summer. We were to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that sharply to my senses; I was here as her was a point Julia was bent upon. A physician, and common sense and duty which commanded a noble view of the sea and the surrounding islands. We had felt her pulse with my fingers. taken it, though it was farther from the Grange and my mother than I should I said, lowering my voice. have chosen my home to be. She and

I had been to church one Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me and centering all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on my return. I heard my father calling was of a kind to make the setting of it on my return. I heard my father calling was of a kind to make the setting of it "Martin!" as loudly as he could give her sharp, acute pain. I could see

see but a very old friend of mine, Tar

"Here's a pretty piece of work, Mar tin." he said: "Tardif wants one of us to go back with him to Sark, to see a woman who has fallen from the cliffs and broken her arm, confound it!"

grined and irresolute

"Dr. Martin," cried Tardif excitedly, "I beg of you to come this instant even. She has been lying in anguish since midday yesterday-twenty-four hours now, sir. I started at dawn this morning, but both wind and tide were against me, and I have been waiting here some time. Be quick, doctor! If she should be dead!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered, and his eyes met mine imploringly. He and I had been fast friends in my boyhood, and our friendship was still firm and true. I he had said something about returning at he high tide, and running up his boat on the returned with his fingers of iron till my own tingled again.
"I knew you'd come," he gasped

"Ah, I'll go, Tardif," I said; "only I must get a snatch of something to eat while Dr. Dobree puts up what I shall right places, and the sensation went have need of. I'll be ready in half an through and through me. I had set

The tide was with us, and carried us over buoyantly. We anchored at the fisherman's landing place below the cliff of the Havre Gosselin, and I climbed readily up the rough ladder which leads to the path. Tardif made his boat se-

"No; I never needed it," she answered.
"Should you object to taking it?"
"Anything," she replied passively. "I will do anything you wish."
I went back into the kitchen and open-

ed the portmanteau my father had put up for me. Splints and bandages were there in abundance, enough to set half the arms in the island, but neither chloroform nor anything in the shape of an opiate could I find. I might almost as well have come to Sark altogether un-

prepared for my case.

I stood for a few minutes, deep in thought. The daylight was going, and it was useless to waste time; yet I found myself shrinking oddly from the duty be-fore me. Tardif could not help but see

my chagrin and hesitation. "Doctor," he cried, "she is not going to

wandering thoughts and energies; "there is not the smallest danger of that. I must go and set her arm at once, and then she will sleep." I returned to the room and raised her

as gently and painlessly as I could. She moaned, though very softly, and she tried to smile again as her eyes met mine look-ing anxiously at her. That smile made me feel like a child. If she did it again I knew my hands would be unsteady, and her pain be tenfold greater.

"I would rather you cried out or shout-ed." I said. "Don't try to control your-self when I hurt you. You need not be afraid of seeming impatient, and a loud scream or two would do you good."

I felt the ends of the broken bone grat ing together as I drew them into their scores of broken limbs before with no feeling like this, which was so near uncure, and followed me; he passed me, and strode on up the steep track to the summit of the cliff, as if impatient to reach his home. It was then that I her to lie more comfortably upon them,



"HE PAUSED THEN."

like hers.

an who had met with the accident. "Tardif, who is this person that is rough linen-too rough for a soft cheek

hurt?" I asked, "and whereabout did she fall?" with an odd quaver in his voice, as he

pointed to a rough and rather high por-tion of the cliff running inland; "the stones rolled from under her feet so," he added, crushing down a quantity of the loose gravel with his foot, "and she slipped. She lay on the shingle underneath for two hours before I found her-two

hours, Dr. Martin!"

Tardif's mother came to us as we entered the house. She beckoned me to follow her into an inner room. It was which I left open, showed me the old small, with a celling so low, it seemed to rest upon the four posts of the bedstead. There were of course none of the little dainty luxuries about it, with which still, and she was obeying me implicitly I was familiar in my mother's bedroom. Her cheek still rested upon my hand was familiar in my mother's bedroom. Her cheek still rested upon my hand. A long low window opposite the head of kerchief, and the broken arm remained the bed threw a strong light upon it. There were check curtains drawn round it, and a patchwork quilt, and rough, home-spun linen. Everything was clean but coarse and frugal, such as I expected to find about my Sark patient, in the

home of a fisherman. But when my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow I paused in: voluntarily, only just controlling an exclamation of surprise. There was absolutely nothing in the surroundings to mark her as a lady, yet I felt in a moment that she was one. There lay a deli-cate refined face, white as the linen, with cate refined face, white as the linen, with beautiful lips almost as white; and a leave us exposed to the tempest with beautiful lips almost as white; and a leave us exposed to the tempest with mass of light, shining silky hair tossed only the thick stone walls about us; and the latch of the outer door rattled as if expression that made my heart leap as it had never leapt before.

forbear seeing. I tried to close my eyes to the pathetic beauty of the face before me: but it was altogether in vain. If I prepared to see any one like her. I might have succeeded; but I was completely and breathed, only to fight step by step thrown off my guard. There the charmforehead tinted, and the delicate mouth contracting with pain; the bright silky curls tossed about in confusion. I see it

CHAPTER IV.

I suppose I did not stand still more than five seconds, yet during that pause ture? Where had she come from? How did it happen that she was in Tardif's house? and so on. But I recalled myself ultable house had fallen vacant in one demanded of me to keep my head clear. I the higher streets of St. Peter-port, I advanced to her side and took the small, blue-veined hand into mine, and

"Yes," her white lips answered, and Julia were busy, pleasantly busy, about the furnishing. she tried to smile a patient though a dreary smile, as she looked up into my That was about the middle of March. face; "my arm is broken. Are you a

"I am Dr. Martin Dobree." I said.

gave my first serious thought to the wom- and I spread my cambric handkerchief in a double fold between her cheek and the

> but go to sleep as fast as you can." Then I went out to Tardif. "The arm is set," I said, "and now she

must get some sleep. There is not the least danger, only we will keep the house as quiet as possible."
"I must go and bring in the boat," he

was at an end. "There will be a storm to-night, and I should sleep the sounder if she was safe ashore." The feeble light entering by the doc

woman comfortably asleep in her chair, but not so the girl. I had told her when I laid her down that she must lie quite undisturbed upon the pillow which I had placed under it. But her eyes were wide open and shining in the dimness, and I fancied I could see her lips moving incessantly, though soundlessly.

The gale that Turdif had foretold cam with great violence about the middle of the night. The wind howled up the long, narrow ravine like a pack of mighty storms of hall and rain beat torrents against the windows, and the sea lifted up its voice with unmistakabl energy. Now and again a stronger gust others appeared to threaten to

The westerly gale, rising every few hours into a squall, gave me no chance of leaving Sark the next day, nor for some days afterwards; but I was not at all put out by my captivity. All my insorbed in the care of this girl, stranger against delirium and death.

There seemed to me to be no possibility of aid. The stormy waters which beat against that little rock in the sea came swelling and rolling in from the vast plain of the Atlantic and broke in tempestuous surf against the Island. Tardif himself was kept a prisoner in the house, except when he went to look after his live stock. No doubt it would have been practicable for me to get as far as the hotel, but to what good? It would be quite deserted, for there were no vis fors to Sark at this season. I was entirely engrossed in my patient, and 1 learned for the first time what their task is who hour after hour watch the progreas of disease in the person of one dear

On the Tuesday afternoon, in a temporary iull of the hail and wind, I start-ed off on a walk across the island. The wind was still blowing from the southwest, and filling all the narrow sea be tween us and Guernsey with boiling surge. Very angry looked the masses of foam whirling about the sunken reefs, and very ominous the low-lying, hard blocks of clouds all along the horizon. I strolled as far as the Coupee, that giddy pathway between Great and Little Sark, waves at the feet of the cliffs on both from his consulting room. I answered she was scarcely fit to bear any further sides three hundred feet below one. Somethe call instantly, and whom should I suffering just then; but what was to be thing like a panic selzed me. My nerves

across the long, narrow isthmus. I turn-ed abruptly again, and hurried as fast as my legs would carry me back to Tar dif's cottage.

I had been away less than an hour, but an advantage had been taken of my ab-sence. I fould Tardif seated at the table, with a tangle of silky, shining hair lying before him. A tear or two had fallen upon it from his eyes. I understood at a glance what it meant. Mother Renouf, whom he had secured as a nurse, had cut off my patient's pretty curls as soon as I was out of the house. Tardif's great hand caressed them tenderly, and I draw

out one long, glossy tress and wound it about my fingers, with a heavy heart. "It is like the pretty feathers of a bird that has been wounded," said Tardif sorrowfully.

Just then there came a knock at the

door and a sharp click of the latch, loud enough to penetrate dame Tardit's deaf ears, or to arouse our patient, if she had been sleeping. Before either of us could move the door was thrust open and two young ladies appeared upon the door sill. They were—it flashed across me in an

instant-old school fellows and friends of Julia's. I declare to you honestly had scarcely had one thought of Julia till now. My mother I had wished for, to take her place by this poor girl's side, but Julia had hardly crossed my mind. Why, in heaven's name, should the appearance been applied in the spring, the corn is of these friends of hers be so distasteful very seriously damaged. New ground to me just now? I had known them all my life, and liked them as well as any girls I knew; but at this moment the

very sight of them was annoying.

They stood in the doorway, as much astonished and thunderstricken as I was, glaring at me, so it seemed to me, with that soft, bright brown lock of hair curling and clinging round my finger. Never had I felt so foolish or guilty.

(To be continued.)

American Coal the Best.

"Ever since I was a boy I have been eminded of the old story about 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' whenever performed unnecessary tasks," said Richard Harker of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in the lobby of the Shoreham last night. "To carry coals to Newcastle was supposed to be as futile a task as trying to sweep back the waves on the seashore. I have lived to see coals carried to Newcastle, however, and, being an Englishman, it grieves me to say that the coals in question came all the way from Amer-

"Within the last few years an enormous amount of coal has been shipped from Norfolk, Va., to various parts of England. Some of it went to Portsmouth, to the naval station there, and many tons were sent to Newcastle. We have better facilities for handling coal there than any other place in the United Kingdom. For many years it has been the center of the coal mining industry of our country and conse quently the arrangements and appliof the country are away ahead of those of other towns.

"The coal that comes from the western portion of the State of Virginiasoft coal, I mean-is the finest fuel for "Lie quite still," I said. "Do not stir, more steam from a small quantity than olis News. any I have seen. It is now used extensively on the vessels of the British navy and from what I saw a week ago in Norfolk and Newport News I should judge that the shipment must amount to millions of tons per year."-Washington Times.

A German Picture of the Future. Scene-A schoolroom of the twentieth

Teacher (to a new scholar)-"Jack, re you inoculated against croup?" Pupil-"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?"

"Have you a written certificate that you are immune as to whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?" "Yes, air, I have."

"Have you your own drinking cup?" "Yes, sir." "Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to ise no slate pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir." "Will you agree to have your books fumigated every week with sulphur. and to have your clothes sprinkled with

"Yes, sir." "Then, Jack, you possess all that modern hygiene requires; you can step over that wire, occupy an isolated seat made of aluminum, and begin your

All Named the Same Date. Hall-Well, good-by. Come and see me some time.

Story-Awfully sorry, old boy; but hundred engagements? Hall-A

Story-Fact. Within a few days I've friends' houses and in every case "some time" was the date mentioned.-Boston Transcript.

"Yes, ma'am," said the ragged fat man; "I'm lookin' fur work. You ain't got no odd jobs o' scrubbin' or washin ter be did, have yer?"

"Why, you surely don't do scrubbing or work of that sort," said the house-"Sure not. I'm lookin' fur work fur me wife."-Philadelphia Record

Gallus Ritter von Hockberger, imperial and royal counsellor of the Aus trian court, is believed to be the oldest duly qualified physician in the world. He was born on Oct. 15, 1803, and is therefore 97 years of age. He has been practicing for seventy-one years, and still gives medical advice,

The way of the transgressor ofter leads to foreign shores.



Lessons from the Drought. Wherever the farmers come together, the trend of conversation naturally turns toward the condition of the corn crop in the various neighborhoods. All nention the clover field planted to corn as being their best prospect. In many very seriously damaged. New ground planted to corn has been noticeably affected by drought, and in many cases practically no grain will be secured from such fields.

Such conditions, so plain to us now, should direct us to different plans for raising anothr crop. We all know that a good clover field will give a satisfactory account of itself when conditions are favorable, and if it shows that it is better able than other fields to pass through dry weather, surely the farmer should plan to have more clover sod to turn under for corn. In many cases the manure has done damage by causing the corn to dry up. It has not rotted in the soil. The coarse stray has not allowed the land to re tain its normal amount of moisture Really the manure has not been on the ground long enough to become thoroughly incorporated in the soil, and it dium length, deep body, broad back. acts as a foreign body, cutting off the straight sides and short legs, also to supply of moisture. Had the manure been applied to the growing clover, the Wright before the Iowa Swine Breedclover growth would have been much greater and the unused manure would the time the field had been planted to corn. Where the clover has been ma- He should also have a neat head, well nured the soil will hold even more

It is little trouble to raise good crops able. Then every farmer has grain to and a little lengthy, with good, well-desell, or fat stock to place on the mar-ket, and prices are likely to be very and should also be good sucklers. The nces for shipping fuel to various parts low. The unfavorable year selects out farmer wants a hog that will mature the intelligent, thinking farmer and early, say at six, eight or ten months, gives him paying yields. He is pre- and average in weight from 200 to 350 pared to take stock not fatted at a low figure and sell them in the market at very high prices. To the intelligent, steamships that is mined anywhere in thinking farmer the off year in crops the world. The coal seems to produce is not so disastrous after all.-Indianap-

At the Wisconsin Station they divided fourteen cows into two lots, as nearly equal in condition as they could make them, and one-half were sent to pasture according to the usual custom of farmers, though in a small field with plenty were kept during the day in a comfortable stable with screen doors and winture during night and the early morning. It was found that these produced 20 per cent more butter than those in the pasture during the day, as the latter were kept moving all of the time by the flies. On an Iowa dairy farm they obtained more milk from cows kept in a dark stable without screens during the day and let out to graze at night, than they did from those in pasture all day and in stable at night. Similar results have been obtained by the spraying of cattle with something to repe the flies, but most of these repellants have an odor that fills the air in the stable and may injure the milk or butter, if not very carefully used. There's nothing better than a sponge or damp cloth just made moist with kerosene, and wiped lightly over the top of the head, along the back and over the legs using it every morning just after milk-ing. The odor evaporates before the next milking, if not used too freely .-Exchange.

That humus is necessary in the soil and that the plowing under of non-niare warned against the idea which is becoming somewhat general that this unnecessary. It is true that there may received over a hundred invitations to Be conditions where the use of fertilizers seems unnecessary in addition to the plan of renovation referred to, but such conditions are not general. The farmer who attempts to grow the usual rotation of crops and relies wholly upon the fertility he is able to get from the soil solely by the use of nitrogenous plants or by the use of humus making plants, will find his crops growing smaller and smaller as the

Properly Mixed Diet.
A properly balanced ration for stock has solved the problem of supplying of the stations. animals with the elements which their natural appetites crave. This could not be consummated in a restricted dlet, which is shown by the unnatural gallon of water. desire of animals for bones and other play an unthrifty condition until the desired element is supplied with salt, bonemealor some other ingredient lackration involves a variety of elements grubilke creature, is one of the worst.

in the proper proportion, and stockmen are now giving this subject special attention, as the best results can only be diet.

Care of Horses.

A few horses do not get as much feed as they need to enable them to do their work properly, but there are more, at pears that this belief was without subleast, in this part of the country that are overfed, especially where feeding is intrusted to those who do not have to pay for the food given. In their desire achs of slaughtered sea lions, and it to have the animals look plump and sleek they give more than can be well digested, and sometimes defeat their en only squids and other cephalopods, that is placed before him. Nor are the owners always guiltless in this matter. Farmers especially are apt to feed too when from twelve to twenty pounds is enough for horses of almost any weight when there is enough of grain given. grain rations when there is a week or of the year and in each part of the not as bad as that of largely increasing the grain feed when there is an extra amount of work to be done, or a long drive to be made. The veterinary surgeons say that most of the cases they are called upon to prescribe for are the results of overfeeding, or feeding after hard work .- American Cultivator.

The Farmer's Hog. The farmer's hog should be of me stand well up on feet, said J. C. ers' Association. He should have a quiet disposition and be inclined to be a have been converted into rich earth by little lazy, so after being fed he will lie down and get the good of his corn. set on the body, so that when fat and than the normal amount of moisture butchered there will be as little waste when it is broken up and planted to as possible. In producing such a hog it is very necessary to pay particular attention to the parent stock. In the when the seasons are especially favor- first place, the sows should be well bred finest horsewoman in her set, appeared

Preserving Summer-Made Butter. The main object to attain in packing summer-grade butter is to keep it from the air and from taints. This being the case, it is obvious that stone crocks or jars are preferable to anything else as receptacles. The butter should be molded into pound rolls, wound with butter cloth, and packed in strong brine. The brine should be made sufficlently strong to float an egg, and to each gallon add two ounces of white of shade during the day. The others sugar and half an ounce of saltpeter. It should then be bolled and skimmed and poured over the rolls of butter dows, but allowed to feed in the pas- | when it is perfectly cold. The process has been found successful, but it is a question if the better plan is not to find a market for the summer butter. even at the low summer - price, and thus avoid the hard work.

Best Time to Freshen Cows. There is no room for further discussion of the question as to whether it is more profitable to have cows freshen in the spring or in the fall, says Hoard's up of extremely fashionable New York-Dairyman. It has been tried too often ers. Its conventions are as rigid as and under too widely differing condi- those that prevail in the smartest drawtions, and without exception, so far as ling rooms. And one of them happens we are advised, the cow that freshens | to be the use of side saddles and riding in the fall will yield more milk in skirts for women. These prejudices twelve months, and the milk and its Mrs. Hitchcock dared to defy. She rode products are worth more money. The astride once. People gasped. She conbest plan of all probably is to have tinued her practice. People began to cows freshen at different times in the compliment her appearance. She now year-say three-fourths of them from announces that cross-saddle riding will September to January and the others be her custom henceforth-and there is at intervals throughout the balance of even a hint that riding trousers may the year.

Demand for Heavy Horses. There seems to be a much clearer idea generally prevailing nowadays as New York Medical College and Hospitrogenous plant growth is valuable will to what a heavy harness horse really tal for Women one afternoon a physinot be questioned, but the farmers who is, and the supply ought in time to cian found three or four little girls who, I've got over a hundred engagements have been successful with this plan more nearly equal the demand. It is while awaiting treatment, had evidenthardly worth repeating, says Breeder's ly made friends, and were huddled to-Gazette, that the number of heavy har- gether on one bench, eagerly discussing course will make manuring of any kind ness horses of show yard quality has something of great interest, which on never in any country come anywhere investigation proved to be a much near to filling the demand.

For apple scab use bordeaux mixture every three weeks up to the middle of July or 1st of August.

In general, especially in small vineyards, a thousand vines are pruned too little for one that is pruned too much. Road dust, air slaked lime or wood ashes dusted over small cherry trees is an effective remedy for the cherry slug. Pomona is the best flavored red cur-

among the white sorts, according to one Currant worms that appear when the fruit is half grown should be treated

rant and White Imperial the best

with pyrethrum, a tablespoonful to a Tomato plants grown from cuttings substances which evidently contained from plants which had fruited are said Times. the desired element. Such animals dis- to have produced over thirty per cent more fruit than those grown from seed. It seems that the pecan tree has its insect pests as well as the other trees. ing in their regular ration. A balanced It is said that the borer, a dirty white,

## SEA LIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

Their Partial Destruction Basel on a

Prof. Woodward's wholesome address on the necessity of verifying theories by the observation of facts finds an excellent illustration in the sea lion question in California. These animals, which have long been prized by lovers of nature as one of the great attractions of the coast, have fallen into disrepute among the fishermen because their presence was supposed to account for the deterioration of certain fishing grounds. So confident was the belief in their fish-devouring habits that their achieved by feeding a properly mixed destruction-or at least a great reduction of their numbers—was advocated and in part accomplished by the State Commission of Fisheries, according to a writer in Science. But it now apstantial foundation.

The appeal to fact has been made by the critical examination of the stomhas been found by Prof. Dyche that the twenty-five animals examined had eateschewing fish altogether.

The investigation of food habits by means of stomach examination is of farreaching importance. Dr. Merriam is enegaged, through the biological survey, in the most elaborate study of much hay to the horse, giving thirty to animal foods ever made. For many forty pounds in twenty-four hours, years the stomachs of wild birds and mammals have been systematically collected and laboriously studied, to the end that the favorite and the occasion-And many will not reduce either hay or al foods of each species in each season two of idleness. This is a mistake, but country may become known. As each group is worked up the facts are published by the Department of Agriculture, and farmers and legislators are thus informed what species may properly be regarded as friendly and what as hostile to the interests of the people. In many instances it has been found that popular impressions, almost necessarily founded on a comparatively small number of facts, are altogether erroneous, so that war has been waged on our friends and protection given our enemies.

## OMAN RIDES ASTRIDE IN NEW YORK HUNT.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, has introduced cross-saddle riding to the women of New York under circumstances where no other woman has dared to be a pioneer. Some weeks ago Mrs. Hitchcock, who is young, charming and the at a meet of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club riding astride and in a costume distinctly masculine



MRS. THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR.

Now, the Meadow Hunt Club is made become the fashion.

Going into the free dispensary of the

handled "chunk" of candy. In astonishment he inquired what they were doing. Some questioning finally elicited an explanation that "de one what tells de biggest lie wins it." "Oh," sald the doctor, "I am ashamed of you. When I was little like you I never told lies." A slight pause, then from the smallest girl, "Give him de candy."-New York Tribune.

Wasting Time.

"There!" cried 6-year-old Mabel, throwing down a book, "I just ain't going to school another day." "Why," asked her mother, "what's

the matter?" "It's no use wasting time," replied the little miss; "I can't never learn to spell. The teacher just keeps changing the words every day."-Philadelphia

Old age commands universal respect Even cannibals draw the line at mis-

sionaries over 50 years of age As one fool disappears, another bobs up in his place.